

# Newport Mercury.

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## POTRY.

### MUSIC'S POWER.

Have you never heard, in music's sound,  
Some chords which o'er your heart  
First fling a moment's magic round,  
Then silently depart?  
But with the echo on the air,  
Roused by that simple lay,  
It leaves a world of feeling there  
We cannot chase away.

Yes, yes—a sound hath power to bid them come—  
Youth's half-forgotten hopes, childhood's remembered home.

When sitting in your silent home  
You gaze around and weep,  
Or call to those who cannot come,  
Nor wake from dreamless sleep;  
Those chords, as oft you hear  
"The distant and the dead,"  
Bring dimly back the fancied tone  
Of some sweet voice that's fled!

Yes, yes—a sound hath power to bid them come—  
Youth's half-forgotten hopes, childhood's remembered home.

And when, amid the forest throng,  
You are, or would be gay—  
And seek to while, with dance and song,  
Your sadder thoughts away;  
They strike those chords, and smiles depart,  
As, rushing o'er your soul,  
The untold feelings of the heart  
Awake, and spurn control!

Yes, yes—a sound hath power to bid them come—  
Youth's half-forgotten hopes, childhood's remembered home.

## AGRICULTURE.

**WASTE OF MANURE.**—The greatest defects in an American agriculture at the present time, arise chiefly from carelessness and waste. This disregard of order, system and economy, is the bane of our farming. It is the occasion of constant and immense loss in many ways. The most striking example of this, perhaps, is the great negligence in regard to the saving of manure.

Notwithstanding the frequency with which this subject has been brought to the attention of farmers, there is scarcely a neighborhood in which many instances of neglect and loss alluded to are not seen. On most farms there is nearly a total loss of the urine of the stock, during the time it is kept at the barn; and even the other portion of excrement is often so much exposed that half its value, probably, is lost. It is often washed into the highway; and is seen in the coloring of water in brooks, which carry off the soluble portions. It would not probably be an over estimate of the loss, to say that with many farmers, it is more than equal with the money they pay in taxes.

This loss might be almost wholly prevented, and with but little comparative expense. The first thing towards this would be to use plenty of substances to absorb all the liquids of the stables and yards. Cellars under barns and stables, where the shape of the ground would render it convenient to make them, would be preferable, as receptacles for manure, to any other plan. Where cellars are not made there might be excavations under the stalls, and be filled with muck, peat or charcoal dust, the urine would be retained in a form convenient for application to the soil. Yards should be so formed by the means of embankments, if necessary, that there will be no soak or wash from them. If the roof of the building throw more water on the manure than is sufficient to keep moist [not wet] gutters and spouts should be put up to lead off the water.

The practice of having plenty of water in barn yards should be more general. In many instances animals sustain much injury from the want of this requisite, and much valuable manure is lost from the same cause.

## RECIPTES.

We would recommend the following receipt for Pickling Pork for Family use.—Take six gallons of water, nine pounds of salt, half coarse and half fine, three pounds coarse brown sugar, one quart molasses, three ounces saltpetre, one ounce of pearl ash. These ingredients form the pickle, which must be well boiled and carefully skimmed, and when quite cold, poured over the beef or pork previously placed in the tub or barrel; then cover your barrel closely by keeping out all dust. The pickle should be sufficient to cover the beef or pork. The above ingredients will make sufficient pickle for one hundred pounds of pork.

**TO GIVE SILVER PLATE A LUSTRE.**—Dissolve alum in strong ley, scum it carefully, then mix it with soap, and wash your utensils with it, using a linen rag.

Apples may be kept the whole year round by being immersed in grain, which receives no injury from their contact.

The best medicine for the dysentery is Cherry Rum.

## SELECTED CASES.

### My First Case of Country Practice.

BY SPENCER WALLACE COLE.

Shortly after my admission to the Bar, I committed the common imprudence of getting married. My practice had never been large enough to support me as a bachelor, the addition of a wife, therefore, was very much like the loan of Tom Callender's wig to his friend John Gilpin, "which needs must fit, because it was too big." What would not support one was, of course, a potential California for two, and the possibilities. Our first season in town was as brilliant as our prospects were gloomy, and by spring, rich in all the new polkas, and terribly low in cash, we began seriously to think of the future. Hoyle says, when you are in doubt, play trumps. The country is the ace of trumps for all new married folk, whose habits and antecedents are at war with the state of their finances. Of course we bought a farm—To the character of a landed proprietor, I proposed adding my professional one, and tilling the glebe of law as well as the arable land of agriculture. Coke and Selden, Wirt and Emmett, were mixed up in my imagination, with wheat and ruta-bagas, compost and summer-fallow. I proposed opening for my new neighbors a country vista, through which their astonished gaze should be directed to unheeded triumphs in the art of farming, and at the same time practising the art of rhetoric in the County court, in a manner to charm them out of their usual stolidity. I foresaw a great deal of profit, and a vast amount of ultimate fame, from this combination of industrial pursuit. How I succeeded in the raising of crops and other such things, I may relate at another time, just now I have it on my mind, and can't help relating, how terrible a check my forensic ambition received in "my first case."

One morning our butcher, who used to come round in a little covered cart, three times a week, and always brought that same identical piece of lamb—till, indeed, I thought it quite a farce for him to pretend to weigh it, although my wife insisted on his doing so, and insinuated that even then he smothered her out of a good half pound every time, the villain—the italics are Mrs. Buncombe's. One morning the little man—he was a short, thick-set, little, crossed-eyed fellow, with a very small pug nose, and an intense expression of subdued ferocity,—turned into our lane on a Tuesday morning. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays being his regular lamb days, I was surprised to see him out of his routine, and my first idea was that that lamb had committed suicide, or died of some sudden disease, and he was come to present me with a choice piece. The terror I felt at such a possibility, was not dispelled by the first view I caught of his face. His nose had entirely disappeared, turned round and buried itself between his eyes, and the ferocity of his general appearance was no longer subdued. I had not long to puzzle myself with conjectures as to the reason of the intensification of his general characteristics. Smithers, a blacksmith in the village, had first knocked his dog down with a bar of iron, and then with unheeded cruelty, cut his throat from ear to ear with a corn-knife, almost severing his head from his body by a single blow of that truculent weapon. The dog was a favorite of Sam Bivins, the butcher, and as Smithers was too big to thrash "fistfully," he was bent upon giving him as much law as could be had for "mutton," making me, in the intensity of his first ebullition of passion, magnificent assurances of the tit-bits, terdelinos, etc., etc. I should receive if I only made mince-meat of Smithers. I rubbed my hands, thrust my thumbs into the arm-holes of my waistcoat, tapped my left palm with the forefinger of my right hand, and looked superciliously self sufficient with all my might.—Here was an opening. The country should ring with it. A corn-knife! Diabolical weapon. A bar of iron. My way to the Bar was assured. Bivins vs. Smithers should be an epoch in the existence of the County court. I bade Bivins go his way, and rest assured that his revenge should have ample scope and verge enough, and Smithers be annihilated. Bivins went away prospectively happy, and I set to work getting up a speech.

I went away to the barn which was about a hundred yards from the house, and for the space of two days ceased not to deliver impassioned appeals to the hay-now, and the cattle-rack in behalf of the injured Bivins. Burke's speech on the impeachment of Warren Hastings would have been a brief to mine, if I could only have had a

month or so practice in the barn; but the case came on the third day, and I was forced to go into court, in a manner cheated of my proper limits. The case was to be tried before Mr. Justice Squigs, in the court for the trial of small causes. Squigs had a very large nose, kept a grocery, was a Dutchman, and a great old scoundrel to boot, and did a good deal of business both ways. There was an open place at the back of the store where the oil casks stood, and here a small table was placed, with the Bible and "Justice's Companion" on it.—The jury took their seats, some on half bushels turned upside down, and some flour barrels, and some on the window-sill. The audience consisted of the constable, a small red-haired girl, belonging to nobody in particular, and a very large grey cat, which sat on the top of an oil cask, and appeared to be possessed with the idea that we were all met there for her especial amusement—probably she smelt a rat. The jury being duly sworn, the assembly, brick-top, grimalkin and all turned their eyes on me in expectation. I am of the opinion to this day, that if I felt any doubt as to the issue of the trial, or any trepidation in opening the case before that large and attentive audience, the feelings were wholly inspired by the imperturbable, passionless, unsympathizing stare of the cat. Her eyes haunted me for weeks afterwards, and I was perpetually waking up at night in cold sweats, struggling to relieve myself from her fiendish weight for hours. The Judge, however, having served a customer with a spoon of cotton, and another with a pitch-fork, intimated that the court was ready to proceed. My opponent was a matter of fact young fellow, sufficiently awkward to inspire me with entire contempt for his legal capabilities. The examination of the witnesses in the cause having been concluded, I arose to address the jury, the defendant's counsel, as I thought, with sublime folly, waiving his right to speak first, and only stipulating for "a matter of ten words" after I had done. Irregular as this arrangement was, you may be sure I was too eager to get at my work to stop to consider of it; and with the concurrence of that good, easy soul, the Judge, it was accordingly entered into and acted upon. A happy idea had seized upon my mind. The place was altogether common and unideal; it was, in fact, as far removed from the sphere of the imagination as any place could be.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY," said I, with a majestic sweep of the right arm, which comprehended them all in a single gesture, and, as it were, clutched and held them firmly to me:—

"GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY.—Brevity has been defined by a sage of antiquity to be the soul of wit; but as wit will have little to do with the case before us, brevity will, of course, be altogether out of the question. I beseech you, gentlemen, to remember that upon you this day, not only Persepolis, not only your native town—dear to you by a thousand ties—not only the rising generation, the aged, tottering to that bourne from which no traveler returns, the strong in manhood, and high in heart and in hope—are looking; but this continent over which the stars and stripes wave as the emblem of exalted freedom, and the eagle of liberty expands his tireless wing,—all—all—who reverence law—in whose bosoms the love of constitutional and regulated happiness and security is not extinguished by passions as violent as the unfortunate and abandoned defendant, Smithers,—are gazing upon you with their eyes starting from their sockets, and waiting your decision with breathless suspense. You, gentlemen of the jury, are to decide upon the law; and his honor, in imitation of the new code of proceedings in the neighboring State of New York, will state to you the facts. The case, may it please the court, and you, gentlemen of the jury, is one so aggravated, that language stands appalled before it, and loses its utterance in horrified contemplation of its atrocity. My client is that noblest work of Providence—an honest man. He is more,—he is a butcher,—a fellow-townsmen, and one of the road-masters of the township.—My client, gentlemen, to adopt a simile of that profession of which he is one of the brightest ornaments, combines in his character and disposition the tenderness of the lamb, the staleness of the ox, and the indomitable courage of the bull. This man, this road-master, this butcher, Samuel Bivins, my client, had a dog. I will not detain you by going at length into the history of the canine race. I have with me six volumes of natural history, interspersed with wood-cuts, and abounding in examples of canine sagacity, fidelity and courage. I shall not read them at this time; but if the

insane obstinacy of the defendant carries this cause to a higher court, after the favorable verdict of which I feel secure at your hands, I reserve the right to read the entire work. I shall not ask you, gentlemen, to accompany me to the Isle of Dogs. I shall refrain from pressing into my service dog-vanes, or dog-watches, but confine myself to the capital watch-dog, as my client's defendant canine friend often proved himself. I shall simply state the facts; but having stated them, shall adhere to them with dogged resolution. My client had a dog—a white and black spotted dog—a bull dog. Oh, how he loved that dog! He might not be versed in the poets; yet nothing but verse could do justice to his affection. His affection was so intense, that his motto was, "love me, love my dog." But my client walked among men, yet was not of them. Few, indeed, loved my client; fewer loved his dog. Forgive these foolish tears! I see that old dog still. Calves were his ruin. Calves bore him to a bloody and early grave. He mistook the calves of defendant's legs for the infant offspring of the cow. "Et calvum alterum bitum." In the language of Salkeld, he hit the wrong calf. The defendant having before his eyes the fear of the dog, and not the law, did, contrary to the well-being of this Commonwealth, its peace, and dignity, become violently enraged. "Ira brevis furor est," which, being translated, means Smithers was in a fury. "Stans pede in uno." He stood upon the other leg, and "multum in parvo," doing a great deal in a short time. "More equis insane," like a vicious horse. "Actioe Plutonis," he kicked like the devil. The rendering, gentlemen, is literal, and the quotations embody the whole learning of the law upon the subject, from sodom-day-book to the Report of the New York codifiers. The man kicked. The dog bit. Nick Smithers, bite Bull—cried my client. Noble impartiality! he gave no more encouragement to the dog than he afforded to the man. "Taurus in aries, et scorpio, libra, et pisces." He tore the trousers of Smithers, and chewed his calf nearly to pieces. Smithers turned with the fury of a demon, he seized a bar of iron, and struck the inoffending animal with his might upon the head. The noble beast loosed his hold and fell gasping upon the ground. Oh, then, gentlemen, you, and I, and all of us, fell down, and by that fiery blacksmith's fatted forge succumbed to fury's force.—Then the liberty of the citizen was invaded in the person of his dog, and the most cherished passion of his breast, torn from its sanctuary, to be held quivering in the garish light of day. Then Persepolis saw its last palladium invaded, and heard a howl of anguish rising on the frightened air over its vanished security and peace.

Did the wretched Smithers abandon his victim? No, no, a thousand times! With all the devil sparkling in his eyes, and rampant in his mien—with every hellish passion of fallen man surging up like the lava of a volcano in his envenomed soul—resolute in evil, and uncontrollable in crime—he snatched a blade, a gleaming blade, with which the peaceful agriculturist is wont to gather the waving corn—and diverting it from the beneficial purpose for which it had been forged and wrought, struck wildly at his prostrate foe, and with a single blow, severed his head from his body. Gentlemen, I say no more. There stands the vile assassin. Deal with him as he deserves, and you will not only give my client the damages, which he has laid at the moderate sum of five dollars, but you will brand the murderer with an ineffable mark of your horror at his crime, and send him forth from this place to wander through the world pursued by the avenging furies of your scorn and detestation.

I sat down exhausted and the opposite counsel arose. Quietly helping himself to a fresh quid, he thrust his hands in his pockets like a crocodile and said: "Gents, all my worthy friend has said is moonshine on the water. Look here, and I'll tell you how this thing was. Sam Bivins and his dog were going up street. Tom Smithers was at his work in the shop. Sam said, 'sketch him, Bull!' and, sure enough, Bull sketched him. The cursed varmint rapped his teeth into Tom's left leg, and held on and shook like grim death. 'Will you take the dog off?' said Smithers. 'See you—first,' said Bivins. Accordingly my client just smashed his head with a stetcher that lay nigh-hand to him, and then cut his wind-pipe with a corn-knife to put the beast out of his misery. Whereupon Bivins made tracks, or I rather think Tom would have saved him the same way.—Them's the facts; and we ask for a verdict."

Would you believe it the jury gave him one! I went home by a back road that day and was confined to the house for a week.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### Divisibility of Matter.

Many years ago a curious calculation was made by Dr. Thomson, to show to what degree matter could be divided and be still sensible to the eye. He dissolved a grain of nitrate of lead in 500,000 grains of water, and passed through the solution a current of sulphurated hydrogen when the whole liquid became sensibly discoloured. Now a grain of water may be regarded as about equal to a drop of that liquid, and a drop may be easily spread out so as to cover a square inch of surface. But, under an ordinary microscope, the millionth of a square inch may be distinguished by the eye. The water therefore, could be divided into 500,000,000,000 parts. But the lead in a grain of nitrate of lead weighs 0.62 grains; an atom of lead cannot weigh more than 1-310,000,000,000th of a grain; while the atom of sulphur, which is combined with the lead, rendered it visible (in the mass?), could not weigh more than 1-2,015,000,000—that is, the two billionth part of a grain.

But what is a billion, or, rather, what conception can we form of such a quantity? We may say that a billion is a million of millions, and can easily represent it thus—1,000,000,000. But a schoolboy's calculation will show how entirely the mind is incapable of conceiving such numbers. If a person were able to count at the rate of 200 in a minute, and to work without intermission twelve hours in the day, he would take to count a billion 6,944,944 days, or 19,025 years 319 days.—But this may be nothing to the division of matter. There are living creatures so minute, that a hundred million of them may be comprehended in the space of a cubic inch. But these creatures, until they are lost to the sense of sight, aided by the most powerful instruments, are seen to possess organs fitting for collecting their food, and even capturing their prey. They are therefore supplied with organs, and these organs consist of tissues nourished by circulating fluids, which circulating fluids must consist of parts or atoms, if we please so to term them. In reckoning the size of such atoms we must speak not of billions, but perchance of trillions of billions. And what is a trillion of billions? The number is a quadrillion, and can be easily represented thus—1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000; and the same schoolboy's calculation may be employed to show that to count a quadrillion, at the rate of 200 a minute, would require all the inhabitants of the globe, supposing them to be a thousand millions, to count incessantly for 19,025,875 years, or for more than 3,000 times the period for which the human race has been supposed to be in existence.—*Loe's Inquiry into the Simple Bodies of Chemistry.*

### Costume a Century Ago.

To begin with the lady: her locks were strained upward over an immense cushion, that sat like an incubus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rose-bud lay on its top like an eagle on a bayonet. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a bosom pin rather larger than a dollar, consisting of your grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, from whence the skirt flowed off, and was distended at the top by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, enclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles, as her little pedal members peeped curiously out.—There, Betsey, a London milliner, could not have described a bridal garment more accurately.

Now for the swain—your grandfather slept in an arm chair the night before his wedding, lest the arrangements of his pericranium, which had been under the hands of a barber the whole afternoon, should be disturbed. His hair was sleeked back and plentifully befringed, while his cue projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was of a sky blue silk, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with pink ribbon. White silk stockings and pumps with laces and ties of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his neighbor linen. Lace ruffles clustered around his wrists, and a portentous frill, worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.—*Chris.*

## From Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.

### COMMERCIAL SKETCH OF NEWPORT, R. I. LAND.

BY GEORGE C. MANOK.

(Continued.)

On the breaking out of the war, great numbers of the inhabitants left the island, and during the summer and fall of 1776, Newport remained in a distressed condition—without Commerce, without defence, except a few guns at Brenton's Point, and a total prostration of business of all kind.—The British fleet arrived, took possession of the town, and remained three years.—During their stay the town was under martial law. Before leaving it, they destroyed 450 buildings of various classes, burnt the light-house at Beaver Tail, cut down all the ornamental and fruit trees, destroyed nearly all the wharves, and the places of public worship, with two exceptions, were used as stables and riding-schools. The State-House was turned into a hospital. The church bells, with one exception, (a present from Queen Ann,) the machinery from distilleries, and the town records, were carried to New York, never to be returned,\* and when, at length, they evacuated, all the wells were filled up, and as much property as possible destroyed, by order of the British commander.

The British Army, quartered on the town, numbered 8,000, English and Hessians. They encamped in summer, but in winter were forced into the houses of the inhabitants.

From 1778 to the time that the island was evacuated, contributions were constantly made by States, towns, parishes, religious societies, companies and individuals, for the benefit of the sufferers at Newport. The State granted 160 cords of wood, then worth twenty silver dollars a cord, and £1,000 for the poor. Old houses were torn down, and one ship broken up for fuel. So great was the demand for food that corn brought \$4 (silver) a bushel, and potatoes \$2 a bushel.

During the stay of the British, there were always vessels of war in attendance, numbering at times as many as seventy men-of-war and transports, and when the French, under Count D'Estaing, appeared off the coast, the British destroyed many of their vessels to prevent their falling into the hands of the French. The Lark, Orpheus, Juno, Ceberius, Kingfisher, Grand Turk and others were burnt; two gallees were blown up, the Flora sank, and fifteen large transports scattered and sunk in the outer harbor, while the Falcon sloop-of-war, and thirty unarmed vessels were sunk in the inner harbor.

The British evacuated in 1779; at that time the population of the town was reduced to four thousand. After the British left, the town was used for carrels between New York and New England States. Many of the inhabitants returned, but it was generally the poorer class, which only increased the general distress. Efforts were shortly made to restore the Commerce, and a few privateers were sent out, which brought in many prizes; but owing to its exposed situation, and the long period it had been in the possession of the British, other towns, with fewer natural advantages, had taken the lead in commercial enterprise.

Newport probably furnished one thousand men for the war; of these a greater part were seamen. Twenty-three of her captains commanded armed vessels from other ports, and probably many more were in the same employ, though their names are now lost.

We have no statistics to which we can refer for facts connected with the Commerce of Newport; the town having been literally sacked by the British, and all the valuable documents destroyed or carried off. But there is yet enough extant that must be taken as proof irrefragable of her commercial success, and the high position maintained by her merchants, until they were ruined or scattered by the war.—Probably on no spot in the colonies was there concentrated more individual opulence, learning, and science, than in Newport. In architectural taste, and costly structures, it was unsurpassed; and it was regarded as the emporium of fashion, refinement, and taste. Her seamen were bold and hardy, and first pushed the whaling business as far as the Falkland Isles.—Her manufactures were unsurpassed by any in the country, and the remains of her extensive distilleries are still visible in various parts of the town.

Dr. Waterhouse, in an article published in 1824, entitled "Medical Literature of Rhode Island," says of Newport:—"It was the chosen resort of the rich and philosophic, from nearly all quarters of the world." He then adds, "there were more complete chemical laboratories in Rhode Island, than are to be found anywhere in Massachusetts, prior to fifteen years ago.—If it be asked, what were they doing in Philadelphia at this time? we answer, nothing, if we except Franklin's exhibitions of electricity. There was then no considerable library, public or private, except one owned by William Logan, Esq., another wealthy and generous patron of literature among the quakers—the Abraham Redwood of Pennsylvania. Is it asked, what were they doing in the medical and philosophical line in Boston at this time? Pelting Dr. Boylston with stones, as he passed the streets in the day, and breaking his windows at night, for introducing inoculation for small pox. What were they doing in Cambridge between 1721 and 1754?—ask your grandfathers,—and what were they doing in Rhode Island? Reading the best collection of books to be found in New England, (Cambridge only excepted,) which gave to Newport a literary taste of character, which it sustained till the Revolution; that is, till their distinguished men were scattered."

After peace was restored, efforts were made to secure for Newport the position she had lost during the war, but with little or no success.

In 1784, a fishing company was formed, and a number of vessels were built or purchased. The same year, by an act of the Assembly, all slaves were manumitted, and an act was also passed, granting to Newport a city charter, which, however, did not satisfy the inhabitants, as, in 1787, they returned to the old form of government.

Up to the war of 1812, Newport dragged slowly along; her Commerce gradually improved, and her merchants, in a measure, regained lost ground.

Census in 1801, 6,763; in 1810 it had increased 1,012. In 1811, the tonnage of the port was 13,957 3/4. Newport enjoyed an extensive trade with the West Indies during the war.

## ANECDOTES.

The Albany Express tells the following laughable affair, which occurred in the family of a friend: The master of the house had purchased for dinner, among other things, a quantity of green beans and sent them home. His wife told the girl—whom by the way, was a "daughter of Erin"—to string the beans preparatory to being cooked. Promptly to obey the bidding of her mistress, she procured a needle and stout thread, and proceeded to the work.—When the lady of the house went into the kitchen, she found her servant busily engaged in stringing the beans, and had completed a string about three feet in length. Convinced with laughter, she was compelled to withdraw for a few minutes, until she could regain her wanted composure, then returning, she explained to the girl her mistake.

"Shure," said she, "yees told me to string them, and ain't I afeer doin' it?" By dint of perseverance, she was induced to follow the example of her mistress, and finished "stringing the beans" in proper time.

An eminent minister in Wales, hearing of a neighbour who followed his calling on the Lord's day, went and asked him why he broke the Sabbath. The man replied that he was driven to, by finding it hard work to maintain his family. "Will you attend public worship," said Mr. P., "if I say you a week day's wages?" "Yes, most gladly," said the poor man. He attended constantly and received his pay.—After some time, Mr. P. forgot to send the money; and recollecting it, called upon the man and said, "I am in your debt."—"air," he replied, "you are not." "How so," said Mr. P.; "I have not paid you of late."—"True," answered the man, "but I can now trust God; for I have found that he can bless the work of six days for the support of my family, just the same as seven." Ever after that, he strictly kept the Sabbath, and found that in keeping God's commands there is not only no loss, but great reward.

A violent attachment to the piano," said Aunt Betty as she glanced over an account of Wood's violin attachment; "that's just what ails our Nancy Ann. Her attachment is so violent, that she is thumping and mashing the piano all the time. I am sometimes afraid the poor dear child is afflicted with the St. Vitual's dance." And aunt Betty's eyes swam with tears as she resumed her knitting.



## FOREIGN NEWS.

The steamers *WASHINGTON* and *AFRICA*, have arrived at New York bringing seven days later news from Europe.

ENGLAND.—Several railway accidents, attended with loss of lives, have occurred in different parts of England. They were mostly the result of carelessness.

A challenge has been sent up from the leechmen at North Yarmouth to sail one of their splendid large yaws, named the *Reindeer*, against the clipper schooner *yacht America*. The sum proposed is 100 guineas. A correspondence is now going on with the owner of the latter relative to the proposed match.

A letter from Captain Parker, of the *True Love*, whale-ship, giving an account of Captain Austin's expedition up to the 13th September, 1850, had been received by the British Admiralty, by the *Tyne*, Capt. Ord, which vessel arrived at Liverpool on the 6th September, from Davis' Straits. The statements contained in this letter fully confirmed the reports received by the *Prince Albert*, of Sir John Franklin's Expedition having passed the winter of 1845-6 in the vicinity of Cape Riley.

They place beyond a doubt the safety of Sir John Franklin's ships up to this point, which was their first winter quarters, and during their sojourn at which there is not the slightest ground for supposing that any disaster of any description had occurred beyond the ordinary casualties of life among such a number, three men having died of the two ships' companies up to April, 1846, about which period they would be preparing to push forward on the main object of the expedition.

Kossuth and his companions were expected to arrive at Southampton on the 5th October, from Constantinople, in the *Peninsular and Oriental Company's* steam ship *Tagus*, and the people of Southampton were preparing a triumphant welcome for this illustrious patriot.

Messrs. Mare & Co., of Blackwall, London, and Messrs. Penn, Engineers of Greenwich, had received orders from the *Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company* to build a vessel that will be the largest steamship in the world. She is to be constructed of iron, 325 ft. in length, and propelled on the paddle wheel principle by four engines of the collective power of 1200 horse. She will be 51 feet longer than the *Great Britain*, and upwards of 3000 tons burden.

The attendance at the Crystal Palace was to be again on the increase, 50,852 persons having visited the building on the 5th inst.

IRELAND.—The agricultural reports give a very favorable representation of the harvest generally; and even the potato crop is considered as likely to yield a very fair return, although fears are now expressed regarding the lumper species—those sown at a later period of the season by the poorer classes. The lumper is an inferior kind of potato, used by those classes on account of its cheapness as seed and its prolific produce. The *Evening Post* thus reports progress—“Pretty generally the cereal harvest is nearly completed, and the further accounts fully warrant the anticipation of a very satisfactory result. There will be, we are assured, a full average of the various kinds; and the supplies already brought to market are described as excellent in quality, and heavy in the grain.”

The accounts in our provincial contemporaries are calculated to strengthen the hope that the blight is making no further progress in the potato, and that the bulk of the early crop continues unaffected.”

The reports of the three Queens' Colleges, give a most satisfactory account of the progress of these valuable institutions for the education of the middle classes.

FRANCE.—The forty Germans arrested on the charge of being concerned in the alleged conspiracy against all existing governments, have been set at liberty, it being found that there is not a particle of evidence against them; but orders have, at the same time been given to them to quit France with the least possible delay.

M. Montalivet presents an account of the damage done to the property of the ex-King on the 24th February, 1848, by the patriots. That of the Chateau de Neuilly alone by fire and pillage, is valued at 3,064,246 francs. The destruction, partial or entire, of beautiful pictures and sculpture, at Neuilly and the Palais Royal, exceeded 765,000fr. The furniture burned, broken, or missing at the Palais Royal, Neuilly, and Raincy, amounted to 2,460,750fr. The carriages burned or broken, and the horses killed or stolen are put down by M. Montalivet at 231,757fr. The wine drunk by the thirty patriots of the 24th February, or otherwise made away with, in the Royal cellars, filled 79,951 bottles, and 450 casks, the value of which was, at least, 326,411fr. The total damage to the property of the King on the 24th February was 6,938,054fr.

KINGDOM OF NAPLES.—Further particulars have been obtained of the dreadful disaster which occurred on the 14th inst., in the province of Basilicata, in this kingdom, and about 100 miles from the capital. A list of more than 50 villages is given, in which greater or less damage was done, in more than one place the principal buildings having been destroyed, and in all several lives having been lost amidst the ruins of fallen houses. The greatest sufferer, however, was the town of Melfi, a place containing 10,000 inhabitants; three-quarters of the city are in a mass of ruins—the archbishop's palace, the college, the municipality, the barracks, and the police station having been all levelled to the ground. The known deaths already amount to 700, besides 2000 wounded among whom the principal families count victims. A rich and populous district has been completely destroyed, and the loss of life has been immense. It does not appear that the ground opened, but all the injury was done by the houses from the repeated shocks of the earthquake, the rapidity of which was such that the persons in the houses and passing in the streets had not time to escape. The King on receiving this distressing news, immediately ordered a sum of 4,000 ducats to be sent from his private purse, to which the Queen sent 2,000 in addition to the sum of 5,000 ducats, contributed by the Treasury. Temporary hospitals have been enacted, and detachments of sappers and miners have been sent to the different places to assist in clearing away the ruins and disintering the unfortunate victims. Private subscriptions have been opened in the towns near to the place where the catastrophe occurred, and no doubt the active charity of the city of Naples will not be deficient.

## CUBAN NEWS.

The steamship *CHEROKEE*, arrived at New York on Monday last, from New Orleans via Havana, having left the latter port on the 17th. The U. S. steamer *Savannah*, and sloop of war *Albatross*, were at Havana when the *Cherokee* sailed.—The news brought by the *Cherokee* is of considerable interest, though Cuba still remains in a state of perfect quiet. The population of the Island, it would seem, is more attached to its rulers than ever before.

The Captain General has been making a brief visit of congratulation to the people residing on the scenes of the recent fights. He and others went to recompense the faithful and the brave, and to thank the defenders of the island. The army have been especially applauded for the loyalty and courage they displayed.

Preparations are making in all parts of the island to take care of, provide for, and reward the families of the soldiers killed in the engagements, for the wounded soldiers also.

There appears to be the greatest enthusiasm and devotion on the part of the Creoles to the Government, which has saved them from the “Liberty” the Americans threatened to give them.

There were numerous fetes and celebrations in different parts of the Island, in honor of the defeat of the invaders, and the glory of Spanish arms. One at Villa Clara is particularly noted for its enthusiasm.

Tranquillity is entirely restored—confidence in the security and invincibility of the government seems to be greater than ever—and whatever dissatisfaction there may be, there is not the least appearance of it on the surface of society. The Creoles seem to be particularly prominent in their expressions of gratification.

What the National Intelligencer and Republic said on Cuban affairs, and of the course of the United States Government, has been particularly noted and commented upon in Cuba, as showing the feelings and disposition of the President and his Cabinet.

All had feeling against the people of the United States seems to be subsiding, and the filibuster movement seems to be attributed now in Cuba to the desperate and reckless classes of men who got it up.

Nearly \$80,000 had been contributed in Havana for the relief of the families of those killed and wounded in battles with the Lopez party.

At a benefit at the Tacon Theatre over \$8300 were realized. On the 9th a grand Te Deum was performed at the Cathedral in honor of the deceased. On the same day the troops were reviewed, and General Cancha decorated many of the participants in the engagements.

The claims had been taken off the remaining prisoners at Havana, through the intervention of the British Consul.

Eight more of the American prisoners had been captured in the mountains and brought to Havana.

Twenty-six of the old prisoners were sick in the hospital. Ten of them will be sent to Spain. The prisoners in their petition express the hope that the suffering experienced in their capture may prove a sufficient atonement for their crime.

The forty-five prisoners taken in the Lopez expedition, still remaining in the prison, at Havana, (not yet sent to Spain), had published a card of thanks to the officers of the United States sloop-of-war *Albatross*, to the Manager of the prison, the British Consul, and to the resident Americans, in which they express their gratitude to each for their sympathy, expressed, and the measures taken in their behalf. But in another card they condemn, in the strongest language the conduct of Mr. Owen, the American Consul.

## CALIFORNIA NEWS.

The steamer *BROTHER JONATHAN* and *ILLINOIS* have arrived at New York, bringing two weeks later news from California. The news is unimportant.

Business in San Francisco is reviving. The burnt district has been generally rebuilt, and many brick and stone structures are in progress. A rainy winter and a large fall trade is expected.

The mining interest appears prosperous. Lots have rapidly declined in price. A lot between Mission and Howard streets, which has cost \$10,000, was sold by the sheriff for \$1450.

A project is on foot for the construction of a magnetic telegraph in San Francisco, the estimate cost of which is \$57,000.

The election excites little interest in Southern California. The Convention of the Eldorado Mines is talked of to adopt laws for the government of the miners.

A company, with a capital of \$200,000 has organized for the purpose of damming the South Yuba with a permanent structure, and to convey the water to the mining regions of the country.

The agricultural prospects continue promising. The mining news from Sacramento is very cheering. The *Alta* says:

Within the last two weeks we have heard of several cases of extraordinary success in mining, by different individuals. But that of a party upon Bear River, composed of eight individuals, exceeds any that we have yet heard of. Three persons went upon Bear River in July, a short distance below Steep Hollow where they turned the river and worked 21 days. Upon dividing their money they had a little over \$2,200 each. In the aggregate, \$7,600 30.

The South Fork Mining Company, No. 1, near Mormon Island, took out forty pounds on one day. The Company numbers thirty members. They have three weeks to work only, having agreed to tear the dam down after that period, in order to permit the company above them to work their claim, upon which the water is backed up by the dam below. The expectation is that \$40,000 will be taken out in the time agreed upon.

Mr. Kneass, of Mormon Island has shown us a tumbler full of dirt just as it was taken up from the bed of the South Fork, on Watson's claim, a short distance below Mormon Island. Full an ounce of gold is evidently contained in the half pint of sand before us.

A piece of quartz weighing 7 pounds was taken from a newly discovered vein near Nevada a few days ago, which, upon being tested, yielded \$8 dollars. The vein was discovered by mere accident by a packer while in search of his mules. The locality is still kept a profound secret.

## BY THE MAIL.

FLORIDA SALT.—A correspondent of the *Pensacola Gazette* states that the making of salt at Key West, by solar evaporation, will yet become of considerable importance to the Island. The business is now carried on to a small extent, but could easily be increased a thousand fold, as the natural salt ponds are sufficiently extensive for the purpose. Operations in this line were commenced before the destructive hurricanes of 1845 and 1846, which laid everything in ruin about the ponds, and so discouraged the proprietors that they sold out; but they had done enough to convince the judicious that the business could be made profitable by the right management, as the salt is claimed to be of superior quality, and the solar heat, joined to the trade winds, possessing great evaporative powers. The present proprietors are making improvements slowly, and of such a character that a hurricane will not be likely to destroy them. It is estimated that they now make from 30,000 to 50,000 bushels of salt yearly, which would be sought after, if its superior qualities for packing meats were generally known.—*N. Y. Com. & Eng.*

MOST EXTRAORDINARY CASUALTY.—Last week a poor man, residing at Havant, while removing a cork from a large stone beer bottle by the means of his teeth, got it suddenly propelled down his throat, owing to the fixed air the bottle contained. He was promptly attended by three medical gentlemen, who used suitable but unavailable efforts to relieve him after which one of them took him to the Portsmouth Hospital. Dr. Scott was immediately sent for and on his arrival about one o'clock in the morning, found the man in so serious a condition that he deemed it necessary to have recourse to one of the most difficult and dangerous operations in surgery, that of esophagotomy, which he successfully performed, to the speedy relief of the poor sufferer. The cork, which was removed from the top of the chest by cutting into the gullet, measured above three inches and a half in circumference; and there is no doubt from the fearful symptoms it caused, would have produced death in a short time.—*English paper.*

VALUABLE RELICS.—The editor of the *New Haven Journal* has been shown by a gentleman of that city, an original miniature portrait of Gen. Washington, which is one of six, taken at the same time from actual sittings by Washington, and given to his relatives, members of his family, of whom the wife of the present owner was one; also a small box, formerly carried by the wife of General Washington. It is of gold, perfectly plain, of a circular shape, about two inches in diameter, and less than an inch high. The same person now has four of these mementoes of the father of his country, two of them being miniatures, and the others, a watch and a small box above mentioned. In the back of the miniature is a portion of the hair of Washington and his wife, braided together, the whole set in a plain gold case.

DROUGHT IN THE WEST.—The *Cincinnati Gazette* of Tuesday says that a gentleman who had just returned from the southern part of Ohio, says that in Adams county he witnessed a sad condition of things. Large creeks and streams, supposed to be unfailing, have dried entirely up, leaving thousands upon thousands of fish exposed to the sun, emitting a pestiferous stench, which affects the atmosphere for miles around. Springs had failed, and farmers in consequence are compelled to dig for water to supply themselves and cattle. Vegetation, in all parts is irreparably injured, and the harvest, this autumn, it is feared will but poorly compensate the husbandman for his long continued industry and toil.

THE TEXAS INDEMNITY.—In a letter to General Hamilton, on behalf of the creditors of Texas, the Secretary of the Treasury states, that the President has decided, first, that only \$5,000,000 of the indemnity can be delivered to Texas, until releases are filled at the Treasury for all that portion of the Texas debt, which was issued prior to January 14th, 1849. Second, that all issues of Texas Bonds certificates, stock, or notes, made receivable for public dues, are claims within meaning of the act of the Congress, and releases for all such must be filled in the Treasury before he can be justified in delivering the remaining \$5,000,000 to the Texas authorities.

DEATH FROM CAMPFIRE.—Mr. Smith R. Rounds, of Fall River, died on the 4th instant, from injuries occasioned by the bursting of a campfire lamp. This only adds another to the list of victims of this abominable, which is increased weekly, if not daily. On the other hand, we are glad to learn that this “burning fluid” is good for something; that it will kill bed-bugs, as well as men, which important fact we find in the North Bridgewater Gazette.

At the Alexandria, D. C., Public School the pupils have been permitted by their Principal, Major S. K. Shay, to form themselves into a military company, and one or two hours each week is devoted to drill exercises. This youthful band elect their officers, and attend to their other business of the company in due form.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New York Express* gives the following receipt for the destruction of cockroaches: Place a basin of strong salts, sweetened with molasses, on the floor every night, with a wet cloth on the floor, the ends on the basin, for easy access to the water. By this means they will soon be entirely destroyed.

According to a census taken by themselves, there are 18,000 Mormons at the settlement on Salt Lake. They are engaged in contracting a Railroad 8 miles long to the mountains for the purpose of transferring materials for their great temple.

TRUANTS.—Massachusetts has passed a law which has been judicially interpreted by Judge Hoar to empower towns and cities to pass by-laws and ordinances which should make it penal to be an habitual truant.

Of the notes of the new bank of Bridgeport, of which Mr. P. T. Barnum is a principal stockholder, have a portrait of himself on one end, and one of Jenny Lind, on the other.

FIRE ANNIHILATOR.—This new invention for putting out fires, the *True American* states, was tested on Monday last at Bordentown, in presence of a large number of persons, including the Directors of the Camden & Amboy Railroad, Professor Torrey, of Princeton, and others. A building for the purpose was erected, filled with combustible materials, which was fired, and the apparatus applied, but the fire got considerable headway before the gas was applied, which is supposed to have prevented a fair experiment.

The office of the Company opened in New York city on Monday, and machines amounting to over \$100,000, were disposed of. E. K. Collins took six for his Atlantic steamers. Also nearly all the hotels in the city, with the theatres have been supplied with them. Machines were also purchased for the Revere House, Boston, and many of the Southern hotels and steamboats. A public test of the annihilator, by setting fire to a three story building near New York, will be given about the 5th of October.

THE DAY OF THE MONTH.—Many persons might help themselves, as some do, by remembering throughout the year on what the 1st of January fell, and by permanently remembering the first of each month, which agrees with the first day of the year. Thus the present year began on Wednesday, and the 6th of August is therefore Wednesday, as are the 13th, 20th, and 27th. By the following lines the key to the months may be kept in mind:—

The first of October, you'll find if you try,  
The second of April as well as July,  
The third of September, which dimes to December,  
The fourth of June, and of other.  
The fifth of the equinox of March and November,  
The sixth of August, and seventh of May,  
Show the first of the year in the name of the day;  
But in leap year, when leap month has duly been reckoned,  
These month-dates will show, not the first, but the second.

MR. PAINE AND HIS GAS.—Henry M. Paine attended the Rhode Island State Fair in Providence, brought his machine, exhibiting his atmospheric light, had it burning a part of two evenings, then packed up his apparatus and went home. Mr. Robert A. Fisher, of Providence, a mere boy, having witnessed Paine's exhibition, made an apparatus which produced a flame fully equaling that produced by Paine's in brilliancy, the apparatus being similar to Paine's and constructed upon principles known and published years ago. The account of the discovery is contained in a paper read to a meeting of the Civil Engineers in London, by Mr. C. B. Mansfield, April 15, 1849. It is published in the “*Annals of Scientific Discovery*, for 1850.”

CAPTURE BY FEMALES.—On Monday evening a fellow named George W. Parker, alias Blackford, grossly insulted three females who were walking in one of the streets at the west part of the city. One of the females seized the fellow by the collar, and with the aid of her two companions, marched him into the West watch house, where they told their “story,” and Parker was committed to jail. This morning he was brought before the Police Court, charged with indecently exposing his person, and waiting an examination he was committed for trial in default of bail in \$800.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

THE BLOOMER EXCITEMENT seems to increase in the Quaker city. The Philadelphia *Enquirer* of Monday, says that on Saturday night last there could not have been less than twenty or thirty Bloomers in Chestnut street, between eight and ten o'clock. They were all accompanied by gentlemen, and the sidewalks were thronged with pedestrians and spectators, attracted, no doubt, by the fact that the Bloomers are in the habit of promenadeing on that street almost every evening.

We and every body have copied from the Boston Transcript of Saturday evening, the announcement that the vacancy on the bench of the U. S. Circuit Court had been filled by the appointment of Benjamin R. Curtis, Esq., of Boston. The President, left that city, the evening before. The Boston Courier of Monday says: “We understand that Mr. Curtis had no knowledge of such an appointment on Saturday, although the expectation is that this will be the result.”—*N. Y. Express.*

A GERMAN WATCH-MAKER has invented, and perfected what he calls a writing telegraph, by which any person of ordinary capacity can telegraph in every minute, one hundred and twenty letters, or as much as a smart penman can write. The instrument is operated by the necessary number of keys like the House Telegraph, but writes with a glass pen filled with common ink, on ordinary paper, which is laid over a cylinder. The machinery is very complicated.

THE LARGEST LONGBOT that has been seen on our coast was taken near the shore of Hull last week, within a short distance of Harrington's Hotel. It weighed twenty-eight pounds, and from the great quantity of barnacles which decorated its exterior, it must have been one of the oldest inhabitants. Upon its back, faintly perceptible, was an inscription, made probably with a penknife, “*Tadraninu, 1792; Light House Channel.*”—*Boston Post.*

ACCIDENTAL DEATH IN CALIFORNIA.—A young man named Joseph P. Adams formerly of Providence, R. I., where his parents reside, was instantly killed, on the 11th ult., while at work on his claim at Jacksonville, California, by a large stone falling upon him. He was about 25 years of age, and universally respected by all who knew him.

Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pains, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

JONATHAN REYNOLDS, one of the most respectable inhabitants of North Kingston, R. I., aged 75, was killed on the Stonington railroad. While crossing the track his horse broke from the carriage and left it standing there as the cars came on.

POTATO ROT.—This disease, we are sorry to learn, has attacked nearly all the potatoes grown upon this island; being far more general in its ravages this year than previous year.—*Edgartown Gazette.*

MISERABLE DEATH OF A DRUNKARD.—The Coroner yesterday held an inquest at a miserable hotel in Eleventh-st., near Third-ninth-st., upon the body of Edward Edmonds, a native of Ireland, about 45 years of age, who died suddenly on Thursday night in an apoplectic fit. It appears that this man came from Ireland about two years since, leaving behind him a wife and six children. Having about \$5,000 at his command, he opened a liquor store in the Eighth-st., where he was industrious and successful in business. After being located at that place for about eight months, he sent for his wife and family, who soon after arrived. At this time she had contracted a habit of drinking to excess, and all efforts on his part to reform her proved unavailing. His property began to diminish and he finally became reckless and took to drinking. His affairs were neglected and he was obliged to give up his stand and remove to the wretched shanty where he died. For some months past he has been a confirmed drunkard and his wife and family are now living in a state of the utmost destitution. The Coroner fearing some of them would die from starvation, requested the gentlemen who composed the Jury, and who reside in the neighborhood, to watch them, that death from such a cause might not ensue.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CURIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF GOLD DUST.—We learn from a friend just down from the North Fork of the American River, that a curious circumstance transpired at the Chilean Bar, on that river, on the 30th ult. A Chilean who had met with very fair success in his digging, finding that his bag was getting pretty pithoric, began to entertain apprehensions regarding the propriety of keeping it about him. He accordingly buried it outside his tent, placing a large stone over the spot where the treasure was hid. A natural desire to see that all was right led him on that day to remove the stone and earth, when, to his horror and surprise, the bag of dust was not visible! His outcry soon collected a crowd, when, on a strict investigation, a squirrel-hole was discovered passing through the Chilean's place of deposit. On following this, specks of dust and small pieces of the bag, torn off, apparently with the teeth, were visible; but after a considerable amount of digging had been done, it was discovered that the nest was deep under an immense ledge of rock, and was perfectly incommunicable. The poor knave lost some \$379.—*San Francisco Picayune.*

GRASSHOPPERS.—Throughout parts of Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and contiguous States, these insects are reported so numerous that in some districts whole crops of corn have been destroyed by them, and the damage to young trees, it is stated, is equally great. They collect in such immense swarms, that “in passing through a field,” says an informant, “it is with difficulty you can guard your eyes, nose, mouth, and ears from their leaps;” and the “stench, arising from their decomposition, after a heavy rain,” a journal in Lancaster, Pa., seriously asserts, “is so plainly perceptible, as sometimes to be really sickening.” Farmers, in some counties, complain that their corn crops will not be worth gathering; and as this blight falls upon an extensive tract of country comprising some of the finest growing regions in the North, the loss to the agricultural classes will be enormous. From the South, too, we have accounts of this plague, but not to the extent as in the States mentioned.—*Cour. & Eng.*

A DISCOVERY IN SURGERY.—A Prussian named Aran is said to have recently made a discovery in surgery that is exciting considerable interest in the scientific circles of Berlin. It is the application of chlorine to relieve pain. Unlike chloroform it can be used without the least danger to the patient, and is very effectual in its operation. From the account, a small quantity of the fluid, (from ten to twenty drops) is dropped on the part affected, or on a bit of bandage slightly moistened with water, and then applied, and all bound up in oil silk, and linen band. After from two to ten minutes the part becomes insensible, and the pain is no longer felt, whether it be from rheumatic, nervous, or other disorders.—After a time it returns again, but usually weaker, and with several applications it is often entirely relieved. The discoverer has presented a memorial on the subject to the Academy at Paris.

DOUBLE FRUITAGE.—The Pittsfield Mass. Cultivator notices a grafted pear tree on the premises of Mr. Gideon Beals of Windsor, which produces two crops of pears each year. For three years in succession, says the Cultivator, the tree has blossomed at the ordinary time in the spring, and perfected in due time, (1st to 10th Sept.) a fair yield of large and beautiful pears. For the same three years it has blossomed a second time in the early part of July and started a second crop of pears which go on towards maturity until the season closes, thus stopping their progress. They are now 1 1/2 inches long and 3/4 inch diameter, and thrifty in appearance. Of the first crop there is said to be more than a bushel on the tree, and that in numbers the two crops are about equal, and that there is not a limb in the tree but has both kinds upon it.

A DYING SPEECH.—Aaron B. Stookey who underwent the sentence of the law by hanging, at the Tombs, in New York, on Friday, spoke in a feeble tone as follows, at the place of execution:

“My dear fellows—my dear friends—I am here before you, to die. I shall soon be before my God. From me I beg you will take warning, and don't drink rum. My appearance before you is through the cause of drinking rum. I am sorry; but I am doomed to die. I forgive all. I say again, do not, my friends, drink rum. You see before you the fate of one who is about to die. Remember well what I say. I pray God to receive my soul. That is all I have to say.”

THE GORSUCH AFFAIR.—The negro Noah, alias Jim Scott, belonging to Edmund Gorsuch, has been arrested sixty miles above Lancaster. The Attorney General of Maryland arrived at Lancaster on Tuesday, to assist in the prosecution of the rioters.

POPULATION OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—A despatch from Washington states that the official census returns of South Carolina give as a total free population of the State, 233,523—Slaves 384,984.

## NEWPORT MERCURY.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPT. 27, 1851.

The Legislature of Connecticut have wisely passed a bill “to prevent the destruction of certain small birds.” It speaks well for the inhabitants of that State, and it would be a noble act to adopt similar measures in every community. The bill is not intended merely to cover birds known as “game” (these are generally provided for during certain seasons) but to protect all small birds, not only during the period of incubation and rearing their young, but at all seasons. As the bill reads, they are not to be molested at any time, under a fine of five dollars for each offence.

The grounds for such an act are two-fold: first, by destroying the small birds, the farmer is deprived of one of his best friends, though he may never have looked upon the “corn thief” in such a light. In the second place, deprive us of the little songsters and we should lose one of the greatest charms of a country life. Give us a clear and sunny sky, fields of waving corn, groves of stately trees, valleys and shaded nooks adorned with flowers and trailing vines, and all that can delight the eye and fill the heart with gladness, the song of birds only wanting to fill the ear with melody, and we could not look upon such a scene without feeling a void which man has no power to make good—that one of the most beautiful of God's gifts had been withheld or abused, and that without its presence all other charms were as naught.

In whatever light we view these “companions of man,” we see much to admire, and in them find much to busy a reflecting mind. A careful study of their habits of industry, and the elegance and neatness with which they build their nests, with no other tools than their bill and feet, will fill us with surprise and wonder. And if we watch them as they work for hours on the stretch, in collecting worms and insects for their young, we quickly discern their usefulness to the farmer. A pair of sparrows, while rearing their brood, destroy, as has been computed, three thousand three hundred and sixty caterpillars in a day. What then must be the number destroyed by the whole feathered tribe. If the planter loses a little grain, or is robbed of a portion of his fruit, he is still the gainer by the birds free scope; for without their presence his crops would fail, and his labor be expended in vain.

Let the little songsters be spared, and every encouragement offered them to build around our dwellings; and when we watch them as they hop from twig to twig, and pour forth their morning and evening songs of praise, we shall be more than repaid for any kindness extended to them.

As the principles of Life Assurance are more known, the number of policies issued, from well conducted associations greatly increase. All the objections urged against the insuring of one's life for a given number of years, are overcome, and no one, understanding the theory on which the system is based, questions for a moment the propriety of his securing to his family (in case of his death) a sum which will greatly aid in their support.

We daily see the young and the old, the widow and the orphan, left destitute and dependent on the charities of the world for a few crumbs; and occasionally we see a family (through the foresight of a departed father and husband) saved from the gripes of poverty and made comfortable for life on the money paid by some office on his policy.

To secure the benefits arising from Life Assurance one has to invest but a small sum—so small that he will never miss it if he has steady employment—and to pay attention to the renewal of his policy when it expires. Every one should lay by a small portion of his earnings for this purpose—not for himself, but for his family, and for the support of his dependents on him for maintenance. He may now make them comfortable and provide for all their wants—will it always be so? How many are there in every community, who, if suddenly taken away, would leave their families wholly unprotected? Yet by a wise precaution each family so bereaved might be spared the double pang of grief and want. Let every man who is dependent on his daily toil to provide for his little ones, and every young man who is about entering on the world, think of this, and not put off the performance of an act, the thoughts of which, if at once attended to, may soften his last moments.

Tax triumph of the AMERICA over the Royal Yacht Squadron still continues to be a subject of comment on both sides of the waters. The press generally have taken up the discussion of yacht sailing and building, while builders themselves are preparing to do their very best for the next contest. Our steamers and clipper ships are acknowledged by our rivals to be the quickest in the world, and now they add that we can build yachts which for speed have no equal among the eight hundred and eighty yachts of England, Scotland and Wales.

Our neighbors will not let the matter rest here; they good humoredly own themselves beat, and that they are all wrong in their management of small crafts; but their national pride is touched and superhuman efforts will be made to turn out a model equal to anything ever in our waters. Every art will be brought into requisition, and every principle tested, such points only as are found desirable being reserved and applied to experiment crafts, until they secure something which will “fly through the water,” distancing all competitors.

At the Annual Meeting of REDWOOD LIBRARY held on Wednesday last the following gentlemen were elected as officers:

President—David King.  
Directors—C. C. Perry; George Hall; P. Clarke; J. B. Weaver; Thos. R. Hunter.

Purchasing Committee—R. B. Cronston; Wm. C. Cozzens; Augustus Littlefield; Wm. Gilpin; Wm. G. Hammond; John Stevens.

Treasurer—Augustus Bush.  
Secretary—R. J. Taylor.

From the Librarian's Report it appears that 129 volumes have been added to the Library during the past year, and the total number of volumes now in the Library is 6,506.

It will be seen that the steamer Perry has changed her hour between Newport and Providence—making now but one trip a day; leaving Newport at 8 1/2 o'clock A. M., and Providence at 1 P. M. The Perry is one of the most successful boats ever in our waters; her trips are always made with great punctuality, and her officers—Capt. Geo. Woolsey and Mr. Chas. L. Standhope, the most obliging of all obliging clerks—are ever at their post to meet the wants of the public. The boat is well sustained and as long as she continues under such excellent management, will not lack for patronage.

During the week we have had the usual September or equinoctial gale. It commenced on Monday afternoon to have the appearance of a storm; on Tuesday morning the wind had increased to a gale, blowing fresh from the South-east all day; towards night changing to West of South with rain. Through the night it howled hard with rain and in the morning the wind blew to the North-west, blowing fresh and a clear sky.

THE MEMBERS OF AQUINQUE HOSE COMPANY speak in the highest terms of their reception in Bristol and Warren. From all accounts the Warrenites were unbounded in their hospitality, and as we have heard one express it, proved themselves “all heart and soul.”

Owing to the accidents to both the Sound Boats, we were yesterday without our New York Mail until late in the afternoon.

## Notes of a Journey to the White Mountains.

Wednesday, Aug. 13.

Crowded as was our Hotel, and merry as was its company, we “were awake almost all night and got up a great while before day,” in order to clear the parlor in which we were obliged to lodge. Instead of what we had hoped to see—a glorious sunrise among the hills—we were greeted by a thunder-storm, which was indeed refreshing, and too, the pealing echoes of the thunder were grand. Almost all the morning showers continued, with a clear-up one that rained tremendously about 1 o'clock.

Parties, however, left between drops, going off in high glee, in those queer open wagons, peculiar to this region, drawn by two, four and six horses.







